

## no such thing as a friendly game of monopoly by honeycombkiss

**Series:** [waited just to love you \[2\]](#)

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - High School, Losers Club (IT) Friendship, M/M, Post-IT (2017), Rated T for Trashmouth, Teenage Losers Club (IT), aged up characters (15 years old), and have a crazy game of charades, basically all fluff and friendship and laughter, basically just the losers throwing stan a birthday party, except no one moves away or forgets, where they all cheat at monopoly

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

It's July, it's Stan's 15th birthday and the Losers throw a slumber party in his favor. Eddie hates Monopoly, Richie cheats, Beverly nearly wins, Bill's the worst at charades, Mike's good at stopping fights, Ben can be a bit particular and Stan's just happy to have all of his friends surrounding him.

## no such thing as a friendly game of monopoly

### Author's Note:

- For [Kylmaren](#).

Another week, another fic! This one is in honor of my sister's birthday!!!! I hope you like this and find it enjoyable, Ky! I know Stan is your fave, so here is his birthday in honor of your birthday.

Also, here are a couple housekeeping notes about where this fic fits within the universe: this fic takes place in the summer of 1991. We don't have an official birthday for Stan, so I just went with Wyatt's birthday, which is in July. This makes Stan the youngest Loser, as he is turning 15 before their sophomore year of high school. Richie and Eddie got together earlier within this summer.

Without further ado: here is Stan's 15th birthday!!

"Attention, attention!" Richie called into the room. Eddie smiled up at him from his spot nestled in the open V of Richie's laid out open legs. He laid his back against Richie's chest, both of their hands twined together in Eddie's lap. Eddie never wanted to move. Actually, Eddie sort of wanted to scoot back and wiggle his ass against Richie's covered cock, but it didn't seem like the right time.

"Hear ye, hear ye!" Ben called next, and although the room didn't settle down, Richie and Eddie broke into laughter.

"Benny-boy! I'm so proud!" Richie leaned over his side to ruffle Ben's hair. Ben just smiled.

"Try again, Rich," Eddie advised.

Richie cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted into his busy bedroom, "Hey, Losers! Shut the fuck up!"

Slowly, everyone diverted their attention to Richie and Ben who were holding this impromptu party planning meeting.

“So, we need to come up with the perfect party plan for baby Stan.”

“Baby?” Mike asked, eyebrows furrowed.

“S-s-sorta,” Bill said. “He’s the y-youngest, s-s-sorta l-l-like a baby.”

“But Eds’ the real baby,” Richie cooed, leaning over to pinch at Eddie’s cheek. Eddie pushed him away, but he couldn’t stop the smile that climbed up his face.

“Cute, but we have to be serious,” Ben cut in. Richie reached over to pinch at Ben’s side, though Ben barely slipped out of the way. “I’m serious, Richie!”

“Richie doesn’t know how to be serious,” Eddie teased, leaning his head back to catch eyes with Richie. Richie’s caramel iris’ were full of mirth, and Eddie wanted nothing more than to kick the Losers out of Richie’s bedroom and have him all to himself. That didn’t seem like a possibility though.

“He c-c-can be serious for St-stan, ruh-right Richie?” Bill spoke up, causing both Richie and Eddie to focus back in on the task at hand.

“Aye-aye, Captain,” Eddie could feel Richie pull an arm away from his body, no doubt giving Bill a mock-salute.

“So what ideas do we have?” Ben asked the group at large. Everyone was gathered around Richie’s bedroom, splayed across the floor and furniture. Eddie couldn’t see Beverly as she had made a spot for herself up on Richie’s bed. Bill was at Richie’s desk chair, and everyone else was scattered on the floor. Mike had even found Richie’s old beanbag and made a spot for himself there. It was a good thing Stan had important meetings at the synagogue and hadn’t asked anyone to hang out.

“Maybe a surprise party?” Ben suggested when no one else did.

“Stan doesn’t really like surprises,” Mike said. “So maybe we

shouldn't go that route."

"What abou-bout a sc-cavenger hunt?" Bill suggested. "He luh-loves p-puzzles."

"Bill, I love you, but seriously that's the dumbest idea I've ever heard." Richie's voice was deadpan. Eddie felt ridiculous, though, as he couldn't help but snicker.

"Ha ha," Bill rolled his eyes but he was smiling.

"What about a sleepover?" Ben suggested again; clearly the only Loser with any good ideas. "He loves when we have sleepovers."

"Yeah," Richie nodded. "We could have it my house."

"We could do boardgames," Eddie added. "He's always complaining that nobody will play Monopoly with him."

"That's 'cause he's a cheater!"

"That's you, Rich," Beverly pointed out.

"Well he's not innocent." Richie added, crossing his arms and jostling Eddie in the process. Eddie elbowed him lightly.

"S-s-so no s-s-su-surprises?" Bill asked, wincing at his stutter.

"I don't think so," Mike agreed. "I think he'd want to know and plan ahead, y'know?"

"I agree," Beverly nodded. "Especially if it's a sleepover."

"Wh-wh-what sh-sh-should we all b-b-bring?" Bill asked, ever the man of delegation.

"I don't know," Richie shrugged. "Food? Ben, can you bring your Monopoly game?"

"Yeah, sure," Ben nodded. "I could also bake something."

"I can come over and help," Mike offered. "I can bring some

ingredients for those strawberry pastries I made last month.”

“Oh god, you have to,” Beverly nodded. Eddie could hear the smile in her voice. “Those were amazing, Mike.”

“We can get movies, Eds,” Richie spoke quietly, nearly a whisper. It tickled the back of Eddie’s neck, and he smiled happily. He still sometimes couldn’t believe that he and Richie did this now. That they kissed and held hands and when they had sleepovers they cuddled closely together. Richie had always snuck into his bedroom at night, but now there was a purpose. There was a shared excitement and passion and giddiness. Eddie felt like he’d been waiting his whole life to be loved by Richie like this.

“Hey, lovebirds,” Eddie snapped his head up at the sound of Mike’s loud voice and the ensuing giggles from the others.

“Awe, Eds, you hear that?” Richie cooed. “We’ve got a nickname!”

Eddie just rolled his eyes and snuggled back even closer to Richie’s body. Richie’s breath hitched, and Eddie tried not to pay it too much attention.

The others would leave soon, as they had ironed out most of the details. And then Eddie would be alone with his boyfriend. Just what he wanted.

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Eddie walked beside Ben, telling him about the shitty night he’d had before with his mother. Ben was all sympathetic looks and sighs.

They were on birthday invitation delivery crew. Eddie had volunteered to help as it had meant getting away from his mother’s house. It was always best to get as far from her for as long as possible. And she didn’t mind Ben as much as the others. (as much as she hated Richie.)

It was an easy escape when Ben came knocking on their front door on a summer mid-morning. It was natural to wave his mother goodbye, tugging at the heels of his shoes until they covered his feet, all the while tumbling out the front door. Of course she shouted after him,

but it was more annoying reminders than anything Eddie really needed to worry about. So Eddie just smiled and shut the door, racing after Ben onto the pavement.

Derry in summer was manageable. Low levels of humidity paired with the large green trees to hide beneath their shadows made for an alright day. Eddie had slathered sunscreen on that morning, which meant he could walk in the sunshine without his heartrate quickening and his mind shouting at him all of the ways in which he could die of skin cancer.

Ben's happy conversation was helpful, too. He was recounting something he'd heard on the news the night before. Eddie wasn't sure why it really mattered, but Ben was excited, so Eddie did his best to listen and not interrupt.

In his grasps, Ben held a little homemade card. Bill had drawn birds and a Monopoly board game—as if either of those things went together—and Ben had taped them around the edges of the card. It was a happy yellow cardstock, Stan's name written at the top in big block letters.

They only had to stroll across a couple of blocks before the Uris home stood before them. Eddie loved Mrs. Uris' flower beds, and this was the perfect time of year to see them in full bloom. The sunflowers stretched tall, petals reaching towards the bright sunshine. Eddie almost wanted to pick one. Almost wanted to grab a handful and carry them back to Richie's, regardless of the teasing Ben would do. Because Richie's face would've been worth.

(Eddie could just picture it now; eyes wide and eyebrows raised. Some joke about bringing flowers wouldn't be enough to get inside his pants, that he was a classy man, all the while stumbling on his words. All a big show to hide how flattered he actually was; to hide that he wasn't about to put them in one of his mothers' vases.)

Eddie had mindlessly followed Ben up the front stoop and waited patiently until Stan pulled the door open. There hadn't even been a sound from the other side.

Eddie was grateful neither of them could read his mind, as it was

flashing between images of Richie's magnified eyes behind his coke-bottle glasses, and the way his chapped lips felt against his own. Now that he was allowed to, his mind was rarely quiet about its affection for Richie.

"Oh, hey guys," Stan looked surprised to see them.

"Hey, Stan," Eddie waved, clawing his way back to the present moment.

"You wanna come inside?" Stan asked easily, pulling the door open a bit wider.

"Sure," Ben answered happily. Eddie nodded.

Stan glanced behind his shoulder, before ushering them inside. Together, the three walked through the hallway and towards the narrow staircase. Stan looked around his shoulder one more time, before signaling for Ben and Eddie to follow him upstairs. The house was quiet, and not many lights were on. Stan's house was always just a little too perfect, in a way that was a tad frightening.

As they approached Stan's door, Ben and Eddie slipped their shoes off before entering.

"We brought you something," Ben said as Stan closed the door behind them. Eddie lowered himself to the ground, crossing his legs. Stan didn't have many places to sit in his room, and he hated having others on his bed. Luckily, the floor in Stan's room was spotless, a large grey rug perfectly angled and centered in the middle.

"This is for you," Ben held the card out. Stan accepted it, turning his inquisitive stare to it.

"What's this?" Stan asked, though he had a happy little smile quickly growing. Eddie felt himself growing giddy just soaking up Stan's own rising excitement.

"Read it," Ben prompted.

"It literally says what it is on the first line," Eddie added unhelpfully.

Stan just grumbled something under his breath before his eyes glanced down to the invitation again. Eddie watched his eyes dart around it, before he glanced back up at them.

“Is this for real?”

“Of course, it is,” Ben said.

“So what do you say?” Eddie asked.

“Well, obviously it’s a yes.”

Eddie smiled, pumping an excited fist. He’d obviously known that Stan would be excited, but now that he was in the know, things felt easier. Now they could talk about it all together.

As the afternoon waned on, the three friends settled down to look over comic books Stan had pulled out. It was a great way to spend a summer day. And later when they all went to the clubhouse, they could discuss the rest of Stan’s party. And Eddie could kiss Richie. Which may just be the highlight, in Eddie’s opinion.

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Party day finally approached, the Losers all gathering at Richie’s house. They had the entire main floor to themselves. Duffle bags and food and backpacks filled the rooms, six additional people making a home for themselves. They didn’t get to have many sleepovers that involved all seven of them, as nobody’s parents really had the room or patience to host them all. Luckily, Maggie and Went were quite loose about that sort of thing.

Most of the Losers were gathered around the dining room table, gathering to play the game they’d promised Stan. The smells from the kitchen were enough to get Eddie to leave his spot at the table and wander inside, though. Ben’s infamous cinnamon rolls were sitting on one of Maggie’s favorite dishes, their aroma filling the kitchen. Eddie grabbed one, before making his way back into the dining room.

As Eddie slipped back into his seat at the large mahogany table, Richie reached for a bite of his cinnamon roll by leaning forward and



widening his mouth. Eddie kind of wanted to spit in his mouth or something equally as annoying, though he settled for reaching over and placing his cinnamon roll at Richie's lips. Richie groaned in appreciation, taking a large bite and leaving Eddie with goosebumps all over.

Eddie wanted to yell at him for taking too big of a bite, but Stan's loud voice shifted his attention.

"I'll be banker!" Stan exclaimed, pulling the unopened Monopoly box towards himself.

"Shocker," Richie grumbled. Sometimes they fought over being the banker, but ever since Richie stole enormous amounts of money, he'd been banned from being banker.

Beverly and Ben busied themselves with setting up the rest of the board. Mike aided Stan in passing out the correct amount of play money. Richie disappeared into the kitchen, coming back with two cans of Shasta soda. He handed Eddie the second Strawberry Kiwi, which meant that Eddie just had to pull him down for a kiss. Fingers curled into the hair at the nape of his neck, lips meeting Richie's already sweetened ones. Eddie could hardly get enough.

"I have an id-d-dea," Bill said. Eddie turned towards him, ignoring the whines that were falling from Richie's delicious mouth. "Let's all c-co-come up-p," Bill paused, as he often had to do when his words got all tangled together, "come up," Bill repeated, this time the words cooperating, "with our own r-rules, li-like something uni-ni-que"

"There already are rules," Eddie pointed out.

"Ye-yeah, b-but we co-could add our own,"

Eddie wasn't entirely sold on the idea, though it seemed the others were excited about it. Voices loudly spoke over one another; rules being called out rapidly. Eddie could hardly keep up. He flipped back and forth between his six friends, making sure no one took the rule he'd tentatively wanted.

It was kind of chaotic, but wasn't it always with them?

"That's so dumb!" Riche yelled from his left hand-side, pointing an accusatory finger at Ben.

"Hey! Bill said be unique, so that's what I was trying to do!"

"Everyone needs to slow down!" Stan exclaimed, pulling his small notebook closer to his body. Eddie had no idea where it had even come from. "We need to write these down!"

"We wo-won't for-forget, St-stan," Bill said kindly.

"Just let me write them down," Stan spoke a bit harshly.

"Alright, Stan, that's fine," Mike cut in, smiling as he always seemed to be. "Who wants to go first?"

"I'll start, since it's my birthday," Stan said, looking pleased with himself. Eddie had to admit that it was a cute look for him. "I think that the banker should get an extra \$200 every time they pass go."

"You would!" Richie yelled. "Not fair!"

"It's called compensation, Richie." Stan said. "Since the banker does all the hard work."

"It's literally counting bills," Beverly cut in.

"Do you want to do it?" Stan went to push the upturned lid of the box where they'd placed the paper play bills towards her.

"No thank you," she said, though she was smiling.

"Ok-kay," Bill nodded. "Who's next?"

"I stand by my rule," Ben spoke up, throwing Richie a look. "No bathroom breaks."

"That sounds kind of horrible," Mike said, though he didn't appear to be upset at Ben.

"No one can sit still without a bathroom break for nine hours." Richie grumbled, arms crossed against his chest. Eddie kind of wanted to

agree but thought better of it.

Stan jotted down the idea, before he looked up at the group again.

“No one can own railroads,” Beverly said. “When you land on one, you have to pay free parking \$200 instead.”

“Whoever loses has to clean up.” Eddie said, as putting everything away was his least favorite task. And he’d never lost a game of Monopoly.

“If-f-f you ro-roll snake eyes, the p-p-person on your le-left has to p-pay you five hundred d-dollars,” Bill added.

Richie reached over to grab at Eddie’s can of Shasta, though there was only a sip left. Eddie slid it out of his reach, earning him a whine.

“That’s everyone,” Stan’s voice caught Eddie’s attention and he realized he hadn’t heard a rule from Mike nor had Richie given one. It didn’t seem that Richie had realized that, though. Eddie felt himself already forgetting the rules already.

Hour one was somewhat uneventful, as it normally was. There was the luck of landing on the spots you wanted. There were collective groans and whines when Beverly landed on the coveted Boardwalk space. Houses and hotels were still far from being built.

The most exciting that happened was when Richie landed on Free Parking, collected over two thousand dollars and ran around the entire table five times in his excitement. He’d even kissed Eddie excitedly, licking at his lips in his eagerness, causing Eddie to break out into giggles.

Somewhere around hour two, Eddie had reached his point of enjoyment. He felt agitated.

“Ben rolled snake eyes, Eddie,” Stan addressed him, though Eddie

hadn't been paying attention. Instead, he'd been looking over his property and planning his next turn. He might actually be able to finally buy property as soon as Ben finished his last turn.

"Cool?" Eddie didn't mean for it to sound like a question. He glanced to his side to see a smile across Ben's face, one that portrayed glee and sympathy. "I don't get it," Eddie finally added when no one said anything more.

"That was Bill's rule," Stan explained. "That if you roll snake eyes, the person to your left has to pay you \$500."

"No way!" Eddie exclaimed. He honestly couldn't remember Bill saying that. Hadn't Bill made a rule about selling chance cards?

"It's tr-true," Bill agreed, which actually sucked. Because if Eddie paid Ben then there was no way he could buy any houses.

In frustration, Eddie lunged for Stan's rule book and flung it across the room. It smacked against the far side of the dining room, slipping to the ground behind one of Maggie's china cabinets.

"Eddie?!" Stan screeched. "What the actual fuck?!"

"Those rules are all made up!" Eddie exclaimed. "They're all nonsense!"

"We agreed to them!" Stan argued. "Bill! Tell Eddie we agreed to those rules!"

Bill nodded. "We d-d-did, Eds,"

"Does that mean I don't get my \$500?" Ben asked in exasperation. "I had to follow Eddie's dumb rule earlier!"

"That's impossible you fucknut!" Eddie yelled. "My rule is about cleaning up this dumb fucking game in the end."

"Then whose was about not owning the train stations?"

"That was Beverly," Mike said helpfully.

“There are too many fucking rules as it is!” Richie grumbled, looking up from the Nintendo Game Boy he had been playing. Richie’s hyperactivity made it nearly impossible for him to sit still for long extended periods of time. It was a wonder he hadn’t left the room all together. “That should’ve been my rule; all rules are now void.”

“It’s too late,” Stan said firmly, as if Richie’s new pseudo rule had any way of becoming official.

“Yeah, I know,” Richie turned back to his Game Boy game. “Tell me when it’s my turn. Or don’t. Eds can just go for me.”

“We can’t move on until Eddie pays me my \$500,” Ben said.

“That’s not happening,” Eddie grumbled, crossing his arms against his chest. “It’s not fair.”

“It’s totally fair!” Ben argued. “You agreed to the rules in the beginning.”

“Just pay him, Eddie,” Beverly spoke up.

“No way!”

Voices all spoke at once, making it nearly impossible to distinguish what anyone was saying. He could tell that Ben was set on receiving his money, and everyone seemed to agree.

“Fine!” Eddie yelled, aggressively pulling the bills out of his collection and throwing them at Ben. “Happy?!”

“Sort of,” Ben said, giving him a lingering look but accepting the money.

Eddie played his round—which did not include buying houses—and then was tasked with playing Richie’s turn, too. While paying Mike for the property that Richie’s little shoe game piece landed on, Eddie stole numerous dollar bills from Richie’s pile and put them into his own. What Richie didn’t know wouldn’t kill him, Eddie reasoned.

Hour three brought incessant whining from Richie and a verbal argument between him and Ben that didn't show any sign of slowing down.

"That's why this is the dumbest rule!" Richie yelled, though there wasn't anything harsh or inherently rude in his voice. Mostly just annoyance and volume.

"You shouldn't have drunken five cans of Shasta!" Ben said back, his voice at the same level of volume.

"You've already said that like one hundred times!"

"So have you!"

For reasons Eddie didn't know, Richie continued to sit in his seat fidgeting. He didn't get up to use the restroom.

Hour four had Eddie tired and drained. Eddie wasn't sure he could handle another second. His money piles were dwindling, his eyelids were heavy, and he'd had enough of Stan bossing everyone around.

Eddie glanced at each of his friends in turn—Beverly was aggressively recounting her money, Richie was hanging upside down from his chair, Bill was doodling patterns onto his forearm in blue pen. Mike was the only one who looked like he was still enjoying himself, a smile still lingering in his features, unlike Ben's scowl.

It was too late to try and enjoy the game. Eddie had already begun mortgaging his property. And now it was his turn again.

Stan passed him the dice, giving instructions that Eddie didn't care to listen to. Instead, he rolled them in front of himself and added the two numbers together in his mind. He moved his car game piece the required nine spots and landed on the Boardwalk. He didn't mean to, but he caught sight of Beverly.

She smirked. "Well well well," she picked up her property card and flashed it at Eddie. "Seeing as I have a hotel placed there, you owe me \$2000."

Eddie didn't have two-thousand dollars. He wasn't even sure he had one thousand. From the corner of his eye he could see Stan beginning to mentally count how much Eddie would need to mortgage to be able to pay Beverly. It was probably game over for Eddie.

Instead, he slowly moved his hands forward, sticking his fingers underneath the board, before aggressively flipping it upside down. Paper money, little trinket play pieces and tiny plastic hotels and houses scattered across the Tozier's dining room along with the board.

Silence enveloped the room. Eddie heaved in a breath of air, glancing down at where the Monopoly board was sitting clear across the floor. He could see Stan's dropped jaw from the corner of his eye, and he could hear Richie fumbling to sit upright. Then, chaos ensued.

"What the *f-f-fuck*?!"

"Alright, Eds! He gets off a good one!"

"You better not have bent the board, Eddie!"

"I was actually going to probably *win*, you asshole!"

And there was also a high-pitched screech coming from Stan.

Eddie sat still, hands in his lap. He blinked once, then twice, before saying, "I'm so sick of that fucking game."

"So we can see," Mike said, giving him a funny look.

"Well, now that it's over should we all reveal how we cheated?!" Richie asked, eyebrows waggling.

"What the fuck, Richard?!" Stan exclaimed, throwing his arms up. "I don't know why I bother playing with you idiots! I never learn my lesson!"

"It's because you love us," Richie teased.

"We couldn't just play one friendly game of Monopoly!" Stan whined.

“There’s no such thing as a friendly game of Monopoly,” Bill pointed out.

“At least not with us,” Beverly agreed.

“Eddie’s too-” Ben started, but Eddie quickly cut him off before he could finish,

“It’s not just me! Bill had that dumb idea about rules, Richie didn’t even fucking play with us, Beverly owned more than half the fucking board-”

“That’s the fucking point!” Beverly cut across his rant. “The game is literally called *Monopoly*!”

Eddie knew she was right, though he wasn’t about to concede with her.

“Yeah, maybe that’s all true,” Ben said. “But you’re still the one that flipped the board over.”

“Whatever,” Eddie grumbled. He wasn’t sure he would play another board game with the Losers for quite a while.

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It turned out that *quite a while* was about forty-five minutes. Ben had grabbed out his box of the Game of Life, setting it up in the dining room. He’d already informed everyone that he was not going to be playing. He had a headache and wanted to lay down for the night.

Mike, it seemed, had also had enough boardgame fun for the evening.

“Oh don’t be a party pooper!” Beverly whined. “Come on, Mike, Ben brought *Life*, too.”

“That’s okay,” Mike smiled. “I’ll just watch.”

“Th-th-that means *no*,” Bill chuckled.

“I just don’t feel like playing another board game right now,” Mike said, glancing warily at Eddie.



“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Eddie rolled his eyes. “I ruined everyone’s night, whatever.”

“You didn’t ruin mine, sweet cheeks,” Richie leered, leaning over to place a smacking, wet kiss against Eddie’s cheek. He smiled while shoving Richie away.

“You didn’t ruin it,” Mike reassured Eddie. “I’d just rather watch this time.”

The Game of Life went much better. Mostly because Richie had an overactive imagination that led his blue peg to somehow get into situations Eddie knew should’ve been impossible. Nobody complained, though. Instead, Ben’s blue peg also ended up having an interesting life.

By the end, only Stan had lived a normal *Life* within the game. He ended with a wife, two kids and a happy retirement.

X

Some time later, just as he looked at the clock, Eddie somehow already knew it was bound to be well after midnight. Stan was surprisingly still excited to play, snacking on a bowl of carrot sticks that someone had randomly brought. It was probably Richie’s parents, Eddie thought, his father being a dentist and all. The cinnamon rolls were long gone, which meant they had resorted to the other snacks.

Someone suggested a game of charades and the others agreed easily. Eddie wasn’t ready to sleep if the others weren’t.

“Ruh-ruh-richie and I will b-be te-team capt-tains,” Bill decided. His eyelids looked heavy, though there was still a sparkle in his iris’. Bill would never be the first to call it night. No doubt he’d be the last one up with Richie and maybe Beverly.

“Fuck yeah,” Richie cheered, suddenly standing stock still. Eddie stared at him in confusion as he did some elaborately nonsensical hand gesture, before whistling. “Alright, we’d like to recruit Eds-

spageds to Team Fireball.”

“Fireball?” Eddie questioned, though he was secretly pleased to be Richie’s first pick. “That’s a dumb name!”

“Listen to your couch, Eds, or you’ll be running the mile.” Richie spoke in a low, gruff voice, fumbling with his pretend whistle again.

“Oh for gods sake,” Eddie groaned, while Bill said,

“I wa-want Stan.”

Stan groaned. “Thanks, Richie, now I’m stuck with Bill.”

One look at the indignation across Bill’s features and Eddie was bursting into laughter. He could hear his friends laughing, too. Richie’s loud raucous laughter, Beverly’s high chuckles and Stan’s pleased snort.

Though Bill just glared. “I’m no-not th-that bad!”

“You really are,” Beverly cut in. “You’re basically the worst at this game. And I didn’t even know you could be bad at charades.”

“Team Fireball recruits Miss Beverly Marsh to the team.” Richie spoke in his Voice again, and Beverly gave a little curtsy.

“Ben made charade papers the other day,” Eddie said, looking around the room for Ben’s blue backpack. He spotted it across the room, over in the corner. “They’re in there,” he pointed lamely. Beverly rose to her feet, jogging over to search through it. She found a little stack of cards eventually, all paperclipped together.

“He really is always prepared,” Beverly said, a soft sort of awe in her voice.

“Nerd alert,” Richie mocked, pushing his glasses up his nose and making an odd sort of face. Eddie giggled.

“St-stan go-goes first,” Bill instructed, as if it could’ve been any other way. Stan was the birthday boy.

Stan rose to his feet, straightening out his thin cotton pajama pants. Beverly passed him the stack of cards and he gingerly grabbed them, holding them in his open palm. His fingers fumbled to pull out the topmost card. He glanced at the words, squinting to read Ben's handwriting. He sighed finally, setting the card and the stack onto the coffee table a foot or so away.

"Ready?" Stan asked, addressing Bill. Eddie lifted his wrist, fumbling with his watch. He'd set the timer, not willing to allow Bill and Stan the opportunity to cheat.

"Okay, go!" Eddie instructed, pressing a button on his watch.

Stan began quickly, using both hands to mime the universal sign for *movie*. Bill got it easily.

Stan lifted just his pointer finger, holding it up in front of Bill, who slowly said, "Um, one w-word?" Stan nodded furiously, his curls bouncing around his eyes.

It was actually quite comical to watch Stan begin to act out the movie he had been given. He rose both of his arms up and shook violently, before going slack and rolling his head to the side. Eddie watched in fascination as he slowly stumbled in his walk. Although it was a bit hard to follow, Eddie knew quickly he was attempting to act out *Frankenstein*. Bill on the other hand, couldn't quite grasp that.

"Um," he stared at Stan dumbly, bottom lip caught between his teeth. "G-g-getting hit buh-by lightning?"

Stan shook his head quickly, curls bouncing around. He continued to do the lame, erratic walking.

"H-h-hurt leg?"

Stan shook his head again, growing more frustrated.

"Do something else!" Beverly advised. Eddie leaned over to swat at her thigh.

"Don't help the other team, Bev!"

Stan continued miming with stilted movements and angry glares, before Eddie's watch finally went off.

"That's time!" Eddie called, as if it wasn't clearly obvious.

"This is what I meant!" Stan groaned. "Bill and I will never get any points at this rate! We need another player!"

"There's an odd number," Beverly said. "One team is going to have less."

"Well it shouldn't be us!"

"Should we call the waaaah-ambulance?!" Richie teased, pretending to cry by shaking his fists right below his eyes paired with his lips turned upside down.

"Fuck off," Stan grumbled, sitting back down. "I don't want to play if it's going to be that unfair."

"I'll join you, Stan," Beverly smiled with a roll of her eyes. Though she looked fond like she always seemed to. "You two are up," she pointed at Eddie and Richie.

"After you, kind sir," Richie slurred in the British guy voice. Eddie ignored him in favor of grabbing the next piece of paper. *Dracula* it read. He could work with that.

He stood up, adjusted his watch and quickly began. Richie's big brown eyes stared up at him, all of his confidence, bravado and adoration on full display. Eddie could hardly admit it to himself, but he loved the attention. Even if it was for a dumb slumber party game.

Eddie held up his index finger, and Richie easily yelled, "One word." Eddie quickly counted in his mind, before displaying three fingers, Richie calling out, "Three syllables." He used both hands to imitate the movie signal. Richie didn't miss a beat before shouting, "Movie!" From there, Eddie only struggled for a moment, bouncing on the heels of his feet before using both of his fingers to indicate sharp teeth protruding from his mouth. He hissed, before extending his arms and pretending to take flight.

“Dracula!” Richie guessed, his voice still a loud, bellowing yell.

“Fuck!” Eddie jumped. “Yes!”

Richie gave a loud whoop, leaping to his feet to obnoxiously pull Eddie into his embrace. Together they continued to jump and cheer. Eddie was aware of the glares of their friends, and Stan’s long, low groan. But he was on the winning team, partly just because it was him and Richie against the world. Just as he had always dreamed.

“Can you two please shut up?” A muffled request came from the couch on the other side of the room, startling Eddie.

“Ben?!” Beverly asked, her smile widening. “Come join us!”

“No,” he huffed. “I’ve got a headache and you guys are horrendously loud.”

“*Horrendous*,” Richie mocked, though it sounded ridiculous. “What a *big* word, Benny-boy, kinda like-”

“Please don’t finish that,” Stan pleaded.

“Big like my dick,” Richie smirked. Stan groaned in annoyance.

Beverly got up to take her turn, ignoring the antics of those around her. Ben had already laid back down, and Eddie couldn’t see him any longer. Beverly grabbed her paper and turned to face Stan and Bill. Stan’s features were full of determination, while Bill looked slightly distracted. By what, Eddie had no idea, though he hoped Stan couldn’t tell Bill wasn’t completely in it.

Both Stan and Bill fumbled to guess what Beverly was acting out, before Stan finally yelled, “Are you riding a fucking bike?!”

“Yes!” She exclaimed. “That one wasn’t even hard!”

“No-b-body ri-rides a b-b-bike like *that*, B-bev!” Bill argued.

“You two are hopeless!” Bev laughed.

Eddie could feel his and Richie’s imminent victory.

Eventually, Stan picked a movie to play. Bill had already started nodding off, curled up in his blanket cocoon, with only his head peeking out. Bev had settled into her place, too, whispering lowly to Ben something that Eddie couldn't hear. Mike hadn't even stirred at all, still snuggled up and snoring lowly. Not an annoying sort of snore, but more of a deep breathing. Eddie was used to it by now, having had enough sleepovers with his friends.

Richie and Eddie's spots were always beside one another; pillows and blankets piled up around them. Richie had taken to calling it the love nest, which Eddie really liked.

The opening credits rolled across the screen, and Eddie settled into his spot. Richie wrapped an arm around his shoulder, allowing Eddie to snuggled into his embrace.

The newness of it was still fresh. And while the pair had always been overly cuddly, this was different. A different sort of thing that Eddie couldn't get enough of. Richie's embrace was warm and snuggly. Eddie wiggled in place, before closing his eyes.

He was lured to sleep by Mike's deep snores, Bev and Ben's soft whispers, and the low laughter of Stan and Richie. The movie played on, and Eddie felt comforted by his friends surrounding him.

### **Author's Note:**

This was a super bad mental health week, so I am not the most proud ever of this story. It's super fun to write the Losers club dynamics, though, so that sorta made up for it. I really second guessed basically every line of this and whether I was showing or telling and how the scenes faded one into the other. So, I hope it isn't too choppy and ugly. I have to remind myself that not every story is going to be my favorite. But it's still worth it to write because it is fun. Which like, thanks for being my therapist for a minute?! With that spirit, also remember that the point of having a hobby isn't to be perfect at it but to

enjoy the act of it.

On that note, stream Fine Line. I hope you all have a lovely week and I will see you next weekend with a little holiday story!